

universal, thousands of lives would be annually saved throughout the country. Children are peculiarly susceptible to the influence of impure water, and during hot weather especially drink a great deal. The cost of a filter is small, and the trouble of boiling the water also small.

Let me strongly advise mothers in small households,

where no trustworthy housekeeper is kept, to superintend the management of the filter themselves. If my advice be the means of saving the life of even one little one, it will not have been given in vain. Should any person say or think this is all rubbish, let that person ask any respectable medical man for his opinion, and then act on it.

A. G. PAYNE.

YOUR DIGESTION.



UNDERLYING a hundred aspects of a man's every-day life is his digestion. The mumps and the grumps, in a human sense—that is, ugly, awkward dispositions—spring from indigestion. The miasma that rises from the Pontine marshes around Rome affects the traveller all unconsciously to himself, and the miasma that rises over the whole temperament, from indigestion, unconsciously affects a man's letters, and speeches, and looks. We have now to do with "your digestion." And it is not an ostrich's digestion, remember that! A mill that will grind corn well, would make sorry work with marbles. Perhaps you have done your very best to ruin your digestion with lobster suppers and counter-luncheons. Only look at men in cities, rushing in for their brief morning "feed," and see how they pack it in: it is just like a man cramming his carpet-bag, in a hurry, for a journey. What a squeeze-all pressure he puts on the poor little patent lock! linen and literature, slippers and shaving tackle, all diving into each other's ribs in the most uncongenial companionship possible. So a counter-lunch is often a shooting in of provisions straight into the physical carpet-bag, without any of the preparatory tooth-exercise so necessary to digestion. Any way, you and not your digestion must be considered responsible for the beginnings of the evil. Any way, you've got a digestion of some sort left; but it's rather a bad one, and it seems scarcely fair that the other members of the limited liability company of your constitution should get blamed for the faults of one member. Your temper out! No—it's your digestion. Your spirits low! No—it's your digestion. Be pleased also to remember that a great multitude of people in England eat as well as drink too much. If some people, for instance, could see all weighed out in lots that they "take in" at an ordinary dinner-party, they would stand aghast. And, of course, people drink too much. I do not mean that they imbibe too much of what is called intoxicating drinks—that is as clear to every one's vision as ruins by moonlight. But people take too much liquid—and they forget that liquids are more difficult of digestion than solids. Soups, for instance, are very hard of digestion.

People go to doctors, and get put a little straight,

and then load the poor digestive machine as before. When two Frenchmen hired a trap for Brighton, the proprietor of the mews said, "Brighton! "Why, it's fifty miles—you can't do it!" "Vy not?" said one of them—"we've both got vips." Exactly, and when the poor digestion tires, then the Englishman touches it up with bitters or sherries, or some other stimulant, and says, "We've got whips." Your digestion is simply saying to you, "I've done the work of two digestions ever since I've been in your service. I ought to have had only one dinner to attend to, and I have had luncheon and dinner also, which are but two names for the same thing. I ought to go to rest after tea-time, but I often have to sit up till twelve or one to attend to a heavy supper, and I scarcely get one good night's rest in the week. I'm not a bad digestion, but I'm really tired, knocked-up, worn-out for the time, and weary." And yet you will not believe all this testimony from within. Now then, poor digestion, prepare for temporary ruin. If you have suffered with whips before, you shall try scorpions now. You prescribe for yourself. Down go the bitter bitter-aloes. My word! How wonderful. You are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs now. You are saying to the digestive juices, "Good-bye, good-bye. We are going to make some juices for ourselves. We are going to swallow solvents—instead of letting Nature prepare them. What do we care though hers are harmless to the bodily tissues, and ours are hurtful? Hurrah for speedy results! We feel better. We are cheerful—we are wonderful!"

But how about the digestion now? Why, you know your own properly-educated doctor, when called in to consider your case, had no end of trouble to restore your digestion to any measure of healthy activity! We have said that digestion affects temper—we ought also to have said there is reflex action, and temper affects digestion. Most manifestly so. The monarchs of old had jesters at their dinner-tables to make them merry whilst eating—certainly a very expensive precedent, to be followed only by few; and not only expensive, but foolish: jesters cannot give merry, thankful hearts. But there is a lesson in this. We should be thankful and cheerful at meals; if we sit down in sulks or sombreness, then the mill-wheels don't move merrily. Your digestion is an improvable affair, remark that; there is bodily wear-and-tear, and there is bodily repair. Yes, there is a *vis medicatrix*. You and I are not Scotchmen, but, *inter nos*, oatmeal is excellent, and brown bread is nutritious!

I shall have, however, to charge you the professional guinea if I write any more, so let me only add, in a friendly way, that nearly every soul I have known between eighteen and twenty-five has fancied he or she had heart complaint, and other vital evils, and has discovered that it was indigestion. When I am writing about your digestion, I cannot tell who *you* are; but seeing that multitudes of newspapers have entire columns devoted to cures for indigestion, I suppose "you" is indeed a pronoun of "multitude." Poor digestion! Perhaps, however, I ought to have approached you not from the physical side. You may be highly imaginative—a sort of trouble-inventor—one of those mental landscape-painters, like the masters who paint dark foregrounds and stormy skies. Perhaps your song, or rather your dirge, is "There's a bad time coming, boys, a bad time coming." If so, your fancy will affect your digestion, and you will suffer on, because you are of the anticipative school, who not only meet trouble half-way, but suffer from "apparitions" that never really appear. The relation of the digestion to the entire economy of our nature is such as to demand from parents, especially, great care as to the simplicities of youthful diet, and the denial

of mustards, and condiments, and wines, and stimulants to children! Let me hope that your digestion is not such as to make this paper indigestible to you by reason of its candour. We speak of digestion figuratively sometimes, and how people can properly digest the prospectuses of some of the bubble loan offices, and the bubble oil companies, and the bubble gaming prospectuses, beats me hollow. Why on earth the projectors don't go in and win all the thousands for fives themselves, puzzles me. Certain investments—ahem! A hundred pounds for every sovereign—ahem! A thousand pounds for every five! Then, you outrageous sharper, you can't be worth fifty pounds yourself, or you would go and make ten thousand pounds in the twinkling of a jiffy. You have had, perhaps, a strange digestion, in some respects; for most of us in life, so far as prospectuses of pictures, &c. &c., are concerned, have swallowed some strange fictions. But exaggerations are not like mushrooms; when we find the latter hard to digest, we don't try them again; but, alas! we do the former. In conclusion, I have no doubt that if you had my ear instead of my having yours, you could tell me some strange, amusing, and interesting facts about "your digestion."

H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.



WE have accustomed ourselves always to think of Her Majesty's youngest daughter as the baby of the Royal Family of England, and the baby of the nation; so it is with a sensation of surprise that many of us will realise, from the frontispiece this month presented to our readers, the rapid flight of the years which have been transforming our once "baby-princess"

and the season, Longfellow's subtle and beautiful lines here recur to us—

"Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June."

At the early age of four years Her Royal Highness was orphaned by the death of her illustrious father, the Prince Consort; and at that sorrowful time, the sympathy of the nation, next of course to the Royal Widow, went out to the little child, the baby of the family, who was scarcely old enough to realise her loss. Since that year (1861), Her Majesty's life has been a secluded one, and the seclusion has necessarily been shared by the young Princess, who has been the almost constant companion of the Queen. Of the public life of the Princess, therefore, there is little or nothing to record. We may presume that in the natural course of things Her Royal Highness will soon appear more prominently and independently before the nation's eye, which will follow her with that peculiar fondness and attachment which "our youngest" always commands.

The career of a member of the Royal Family as a rule is no lazy one, as too many are ready to suppose. Our Princes and Princesses are really and truly a hard-worked race, what with laying foundation-stones, visiting hospitals, attending charity dinners, and other like business. And, before long, the Royal lady, whose portrait we give, will, we anticipate, be busy enough for the benefit of the Queen's subjects.

into all the matured grace and dignity of womanhood.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore, Duchess of Saxony, was born April 14, 1857, and is now consequently in her nineteenth year. Appropriate alike to the subject